

The Historie of

Harry to Harry, shall not Horse to Horse
Meete, and ne're part, till one drop downe a coarſe:
Oh, that *Glendower* were come.

Ver. There is more newes,
I learned in *Worceſter*, as I rode along,
He cannot draw his power this fourteene dayes.

Doug. That's the worſt tydings, that I heare of yet.

Wor. I by my fayth, that beares a froſty ſound.

Hot. What may the Kinges whole Battell reach vnto?

Ver. To thirtie thouſand.

Hot. Fourtie let it be.

My Father and *Glendower* being both away,
The powers of vs, may ſerue ſo great a day.
Come, let vs take a Muſter ſpeedily,
Doomes day is neere, die all, die merrily.

Doug. Talke not of dying, I am out of feare
Of death or deaths hand, for this one halfe yeere.

Exeunt.

Scene 2. Enter Falſtaffe and Bardoll.

Falſ. *Bardoll*, get thee before to *Conentry*, fill mee a bottle of
Sacke, our Souldiers ſhall march through; Weele to *Sutton-cop-*
hill to night.

Bar. Will you giue me money Captaine?

Falſ. Lay out, lay out.

Bar. This Bottle makes an Angell.

Falſ. And if it do, take it for thy labour, and if it make twen-
tic, take them all I ple anſwere the coynage; bid my Lieutenant
Peto meete me a Townes end.

Bar. I will Captaine: farewell,

Exit.

Falſ. If I be aſhamed of my Souldiers, I am a ſowſt Gurnet; I
haue miſuſed the Kinges Preſſe damnably. I haue got in ex-
change of 150. Souldiers, 300. & odde pounds. I preſſe me none
but good Houſholders, Yeomens ſonnes, inquire me out con-
tracted Batchelers, ſuch as had been aſkt twice on the Banes;
ſuch a commoditie of warme ſlaues, as had as leue heare the
Diuell as a Drumme, ſuch as feare the report of a Caliuier, worſe
then a ſtrook-foole, or a hurt Wild-ducke: I, preſſe me none but
ſuch Toſts and Butter, with heartes in their bellies no bigger
then Pins heads, and they haue bought out their ſeruices: and
now

Henry the fourth.

now, my whole charge conſiſtes of Ancients, Corporals, Lieu-
tenants, Gentlemen of companies, Slaues as ragged as *Lazarus*
in the painted Cloth where the Gluttons Dogs licked his ſores:
and ſuch as indeed were neuer Souldiers, but diſcarded vniuſt
Seruing men, yonger Sonnes to yonger Brothers, reuolted Tap-
ſters and Oſtlers trade-falne, the Cankers of a calme world, and
long peace, ten times more diſhonorable ragged, then an old
ſacſde Ancient; and ſuch haue I to fill vp the roomes of them
as haue bought out their ſeruices, that you would thinke, that I
had a hundred and fiftie tottered Prodigals, lately come from
Swine-keeping, from eating draffe and huſkes. A madd fellow
met me on the way, and told me I had vnloaded all the gibbets,
and preſt the dead bodies. No eye hath ſcene ſuch Skar-crowes.
He not march through *Conentry* with them, that's flat: nay, and
the villaines march wide betwixt the legs, as if they had gyues
on, for indeed, I had the moſt of them out of Priſon; there's not
a Shirt and a halfe in all my company, and the halfe Shirt is
two Napkins tackt togeather, and throwne ouer the ſhoulders
like a Hearalds coate without ſleeues; and the Shirt to ſay the
truth, ſtolne from my Hoſt of *S. Albones*, or the Red-nose In-
keeper of *Danintry*: but that's all one, they'le finde Linnen
enough on euery Hedge,

Enter the Prince, and the Lord of Westmerland.

Prin. How now blowne Iacke? how now Quilt?

Fal. What *Hal*? How now mad wag, what a diuell doſt thou
in *Warwickſhire*? My good L. of *Westmerland*, I cry you mercy, I
thought your honour had already bin at *Shrewesburie*.

West. Fayth, *Sir John*, t'is more then time that I were there,
and you too; but my powers are there already: the King I can
tell you, lookes for vs all; we muſt away all night.

Fal. Tut, neuer feare tell me, I am as vigilant as a Cat, to ſteale
Creame.

Prin. I thinke to ſteale Creame indeed, for thy theft hath al-
ready made thee bitter: but tell me, *Iacke*, whoſe fellows are
theſe that come after?

Falſ. Mine *Hal*, mine.

Prin. I did neuer ſee ſuch pittifull rascals.

Falſ. Tut, tut, good enough to toſſe, food for powder, food
for

H 3